NEPTVNES TRIVMPH

for
the returne
of
ALBION,
celebrated in a
Maſque
at the Court on the Twelfth night

1623.

Omnis & ad reducem iam litat ara Deum.

Mart. lib. VIII. Epig. XIV.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

COOKE.

Then, Brother *Poet*,

POET.

Brother.

COOKE.

I haue a ſuite.

POET.

What is it?

COOKE.

Your deuiſe.

POET.

As you came in vpon me, I was then
Offring the argument, and this it is.

COOKE.

Silence.

POET.

The mightie *Neptune*, mightie in his ſtyles,
And large command of waters, and of Iſles,
Not, as the *Lord and Soueraigne of the Seas*,
But, *Chiefe in the art of riding*, late did pleaſe
To ſend his *Albion* forth, the moſt his owne,
Vpon diſcouery, to themſelues beſt knowne,
Through *Celtiberia*; and, to aſſiſt his courſe,
Gaue him his powerfull (e) MANAGER of *Horſe*,
With diuine *Proteus*, Father of diſguiſe,
To waite vpon them with his counſels wiſe,
In all extremes. His great commands being done,
And he deſirous to review his Sonne,
He doth diſpatch a floting Ile, from hence,
Vnto the *Heſperian* ſhores, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, vſde to make him ſtay,
And how the *Syrens* woo'd him, by the way,

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What

What Monſters he encountred on the coaſt,
How neare our generall Ioy was to be loſt,
Is not our ſubiect now: though all theſe make
The preſent gladneſſe greater, for their ſake.
But what the triumphs are, the feaſt, the ſport,
And proud ſolemnities of *Neptunes* Court,
Now he is ſafe, and *Fame's* not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall HIPPIVS is returnd,
Who for it, vnder ſo much envie, burnd
With his owne brightnes, till her ſteru'd ſnakes ſaw
What *Neptune* did impoſe, to him was law.

COOKE.

But, why not this, till now?

POET.

--It was not time,
To mixe this Muſick with the vulgars chime.
Stay, till th'abortiue, and extemporall dinne
Of balladry, were vnderſtood a ſinne,
Minerua cry'd: that, what tumultuous verſe,
Or proſe could make, or ſteale, they might reherſe,
And euery Songſter had ſung out his fit;
That all the Countrey, and the Citie-wit,
Of bels, and bonfires, and good cheere was ſpent,
And *Neptunes Guard*, had drunk al that they meant;
That all the tales and ſtories now were old
Of the Sea-Monſter *Archy*, or growne cold:
The *Muſes* then might venter, vndeterr'd,
For they loue, then, to ſing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, tis handſome: And I haue
Some thing wold fit this. How do you preſent 'hem?

In

In a fine Iland, say you?

POET.

Yes, a (f) *Delus*:
Such, as when faire *Latona* fell in trauaile,
Great *Neptune* made emergent.

f Vid. Lu... in Dialo... & Nept...

COOKE.

I con... e you.
I would haue had your Ile brought floting in, now
In a braue broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Iust to the colour of the Sea; and then,
Some twentie *Syrens*, singing in the kettel,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Island?

POET.

Yes, we haue a tree too,
Which we do call the Tree of *Harmonie*,
And is the same with (g) what we read, the *Sunne*
Brought forth in the *Indian Musicana* first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got
To certaine cubits height, from euery side
The boughs decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring vp new boles, & those spring new, & newer,
Till the whole tree become a *Porticus*,
Or arched Arbour, able to receiue
A numerous troupe, such as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his iourney are.
And this they sit in

g Vid. St... Geogr. lib. ...

COOKE.

Your prime *Masquers*?

POET.

Yes.

COOKE.

But where's your *Antimaſque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

POET.

Faith, we haue none.

COOKE.

None?

POET.

None, I aſſure you, neither do I think them
A worthy part of preſentation,
Being things ſo *heterogene*, to all deuiſe,
Meere *By-works*, and at beſt *Out-landiſh* nothings.

COOKE.

O, you are all the heauen awrie! Sir.
For blood of *Poetry*, running in your veines,
Make not your ſelfe ſo ignorantly ſimple.
Bycauſe Sir, you ſhall ſee I am a *Poet*,
No leſſe then *Cooke*, and that I find you want
A ſpeciall ſervice here, an *Antimaſque*,
Ile fit you with a diſh out of the Kitchin,
Such, as I thinke, will take the preſent palates,
A *metaphoricall* diſh! And, do but mark, (dy, Child?
How a good wit may iump with you. Are you rea-
(Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
Child of the boyling houſe.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
But I haue perſons, to preſent the meates.

POET.

POET.

Persons!

COOKE.

Such as doe reliſh nothing, but *di ſtato*,
(But in another faſhion, then you dreame of)
Know all things the wrong way, talk of the affaires,
The clouds, the cortines, and the myſteries
That are afoot, and, frō what hands they haue 'hem
(The maſter of the Elephant, or the Camels)
What correſpondences are held; the Poſts
That go, & come, and know, almoſt, their minutes,
All but their buſineſſe: Therein, they are fiſhes.
But ha' their garlick, as the *Prouerb* ſayes,
They are our *Queſt of enquiry*, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned *Authors*?

CHILD.

Yes Sir,
And of the *Epicœne* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.

COOKE.

Good boy!
The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchin.
Haue you put him, into the pot, for Garlick?

CHILD.

One in his coate, ſhall ſtinke as ſtrong as he, Sir,
And his friend *Giblets* with him.

COOKE.

They are two,
That giue a part of the ſeaſoning.

POET.

I conceiue

The way of your *Gally-mawfrey*.

COOKE.

You will like it,
When they come powring out of the pot together.

CHILD.

O, if the pot had been big enough!

COOKE.

What then, Child?

CHILD.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camell,
at leaſt, for Biefe.

COOKE.

But, whom ha' you for Partrich?

CHILD.

A brace of Dwarfes, and delicate plump birds!

COOKE.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

CHILD.

A fine lac'd Mutton,
Or two; and either has her friſking Husband:
That reades her the *Corrantos*, euery weeke.
Graue Mr *Ambler*, Newes-maſter of *Poules*,
Supplies your Capon; and growne Captaine *Buz*
(His *Emiſſary*) vnderwrites for Turky,
A Gentleman of the *Forreſt* preſents Pheſant,
And a plump Poultrers wife, in *Graces* ſtreet,
Playes Hen with egges i'the belly, or a Cony,
Chooſe which you will.

COOKE.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom*?

CHILD.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,

Are

Are both there.

COOKE.

It is well, go, diſh 'hem out.
Are they well boyld?

CHILD.

Podrida!

POET.

What's that? rotten?

COOKE.

O, that they muſt be. There's one maine ingredient
We haue forgot, the *Artichoke*.

CHILD.

No Sir.
I haue a Fruicterer, with a cold red noſe,
Like a blue fig, performes it.

COOKE.

The fruit lookes ſo.
Good child, go poure 'hē out, ſhew their concoctiō.
They muſt be rottē boyld, the broth's the beſt on't,
And that's the Dance. The ſtage here is the Char-
And Brother *Poet*, though the ſerious part (ger.
Be yours, yet, envie not the *C*[illegible] his art.

POET.

Not I. *Nam luſus ipſe Triumphus amat.*

The Antimaske is daunc'd by the perſons deſcrib'd, comming out of the pot.

POET.

Well, now, expect the *Scene* it ſelfe; it opens!

The Iland is discovered, the *Masquers* sitting in their severall sieges. The heavens opening, and *Apollo*, with *Mercury*, some *Muses*, & the Goddesse *Harmony*, make the musique. the while, the Iland moues forward, *Proteus* sitting below, and

APOLLO *sings.*

Song.

APOLLO.

Looke forth, the (h) *Shephard of the seas,*
And (i) *of the Ports, that keep'st the keyes,*
And to your Neptune *tell,*
His ALBION, *Prince of all his Isles,*
For whome the sea, and land so smiles,
Is home returned well.

CHORVS.

And be it thought no common Cause,
That, to it, so much wonder drawes,
And all the Heauens consent,
With HARMONY, *to tune their notes,*
In answer to the publique votes
That, for it, vp were sent.

It was no envious Stepdames rage,
Or Tyrans malice of the age,
That did employ him forth.
But such a Wisdome, that would proue,
By sending him, their hearts, and loue
That else might feare his worth.

By

By this time, the Iſland hath joynd it ſelfe with the ſhore: And *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and (k) *Saron*, come forth, and goe vp ſinging to the State, while the Maſquers take time to Land.

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Song.

PROTEVS.

I! now the Pompe of Neptunes *triumph ſhines!*
And all the glories of his great deſignes
Are read, reflected, in his ſonnes returne!

PORTVNVS.

How all the eyes, the lookes, the hearts here, burne at his arrivall!

SARON.

Theſe are the true fires,
Are made of ioyes!

PROTEVS.

Of longings!

PORTVNVS.

Of deſires!

SARON.

Of hopes!

PROTEVS.

Of feares!

PORTVNVS.

Not intermitted blocks.

SARON.

But pure affections, and from odorous ſtocks!

CHO-

CHORVS.

Tis incense all, that flames!
And these materials scarce haue names!

PROTEVS.

My King lookes higher, as he scorn'd the warres
Of winds, and with his trident touch'd the starrs.
There is no wrinkle, in his brow, or frowne,
But, as his cares he would in nectar *drowne,*
And all the (l) *siluer-footed* Nymphs *were dreſt,*
To wayte vpon him, to the Oceans *feaſt.*

PORTVNVS.

Or, here in rowes vpon the bankes were ſet,
And had their ſeuerall hayres made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on ſhore.

SARON.

How! Galatea *ſighing! O, no more.*
Baniſh your feares.

PORTVNVS,

And Doris *dry your teares.*
Albion *is come:*

PROTEVS.

And (m) Haliclyon, *too,*
That kept his ſide, as he was charg'd to do,
With wonder.

SARON.

—And the Syrens haue him not.

PORTVNVS.

Though they no practiſe, nor no arts forgot
That might haue wonne him, or by charme, or ſong.

PROTEVS.

Or laying forth their treſſes all along
Vpon the glaſſie waues;

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PORTVNVS.

Then diuing:

PROTEVS.

Then,

Vp with their heads, as they were mad of men.

SARON.

And there, the highest-going billowes crowne,
Vntill some lusty Sea-god pull'd them downe.

CHORVS.

See! He is here!

PROTEVS.

Great Master of the mayne,
Receiue thy deare, and precious pawne againe.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS *bring him thus,*
Safe, as thy Subiects wishes gaue him vs:
And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
No lesse a part, that thou their loues doest see,
Then, that his sacred head's return'd to thee.

This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the vpper *Chorus* takes it from them, and the *Masquers* prepare for their figure.

CHORVS.

Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loues of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.

And mingle all their ſweets, and ſalts,
That none may ſay, the Triumph halts.

Here, the *Maſquers* dance their Entry.

Which done, the firſt proſpectiue of a maritime Palace, or the houſe of *Oceanus* is diſcouered, with lowd Muſique. And the other aboue is no more ſeene.

POET.

Behold the Palace of *Oceanus*!
Hayle Reuerend ſtructure! Boaſt no more to vs
Thy being able, all the Gods to feaſt;
We haue ſeene enough: our *Albion* was thy gueſt.

Then followes the Maine Dance.

After which the ſecond proſpect of the ſea, is ſhowne, to the former Muſique.

POET.

Now turne and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* heards, and *Neptunes* orkes do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet ſtill the paſture greene
The wayes are found, and yet no path is ſeene,

There *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron*, goe vp to the Ladies with this *Song*.

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, *and doe not hide*

The ioyes, for which you ſo prouide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the men,
what doe you here? Go home agen.

PORTVNVS.

Your dreſſings doe confeſſe
By what we ſee ſo curious parts
Of Pallas, *and* Arachnes *arts,*
That you could meane no leſſe.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you were the Silkewormes toyles;
Or glory in the ſhellfiſh ſpoiles?
Or ſtriue to ſhew the graines of ore
That you haue gatherd on the ſhore,
Whereof to make a ſtocke
To graft the greener Emerald on
Or any better-watera ſtone?

SARON.

Or Ruby of the roſe?

PROTEVS.

Why do you ſmell of Amber gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes *Neice,*
The Queene of Loue; vnleſſe you can
Like Sea-borne Venus *loue a man?*

SARON.

Try, put your ſelues vnto't.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your ſmiles, and thoughts that meete,
Ambroſian *hands, and ſiluer feete,*
doe promiſe you will do't.

The Reuels follow.
Which ended, the Fleete is discouered, while the three Cornets play.

POET.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
Which something new, a part of *Neptunes* strength
See, yond, his fleete, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the *Ocean* home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

A shout within followes.
After which the *Cooke* enters.

COOKE.

I haue another seruice for you, Brother *Poet*, a dish of pickled Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like *Anchoues*, or *Caueare*, to draw downe a cup of *nectar*, in the skirts of a night.

SAYLORS.

Come away boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for *Neptune*, and our *young Master*.

POET.

He knowes the *Compasse* and the *Card*,
While *Castor* sits on the maine yard,
And *Pollux* too, to helpe your sayles;
And bright *Leucothoe*, fils your sayles:
Arion sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.

The

The *Antimasque* of Saylors.

Then

The last Song to the whole *Musique*, fiue Lutes, three Cornets, and ten voyces.

Song.

PROTEVS.

Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discouery past,
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Giue Proteus *leaue to turne vnto his wiles:*

PORTVNVS.

And, whilst young Albion *doth thy labours ease,*
Dispatch Portunus *to thy ports,*

SARON.

And Saron *to thy Seas:*
To meete old Nereus, *with his fiftie girles,*
From aged Indus *laden home with pearls,*
And orient gummes, to burne vnto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy Subiects hearts be all on flame:
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And, 'mongst the winds, dost suffer no debate.
But both at sea, and land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

The last Dance.

The end.